

FEATURES

Dr Kerr Praises Veterans

The demands of the second World War brought about an inevitable dislocation in the life of all our Universities.

This was as it should be, for the universities had no wish to enjoy special immunities when the nation was fighting for its very survival. Besides, fewer students than formerly were now applying for admission, for those who would ordinarily have been registering were enlisting in the Armed Forces. When hostilities came to an end, the government of Canada, recognizing that it could make no better contribution to the post-war rehabilitation of many of these young men, and women, than to arrange for them to continue their education, undertook to pay their fees at the universities of their choice.

The first result of this wise policy was that veterans presented themselves in large numbers at all our institutions of learning. There are approximately as many veterans in Canadian Universities today as there were civilian students in the Universities of England and Wales in 1939! They constitute about forty-five per cent of the present student body at Dalhousie.

When it first became clear that so many veterans would take advantage of the government's educational offer, certain wiseacres prophesied that the influx would have very unfortunate consequences for all concerned. They were sure that these ex-service men would waste their time in College, that they would never settle down to serious study, they would regard this university episode as a pleasant holiday after the years of discipline and danger, and that comparatively few of them would complete the courses which they had chosen. It is now quite well known that the pessimism of these dire predictions have been completely discredited. The veterans as a whole have given an excellent account of themselves, academically and otherwise. This has certainly been true in Dalhousie, and our experience coincides with that of other universities in Canada and the United States which have reported on the subject.

One of the reflections provoked by the commendable attainments of the veterans in their classes is that some of them would not have been in the University at all but for the financial assistance made available by the government. This suggests that we may have many young people in our communities at any time who could make use of higher educational opportunities if these were made available to them. The right to attend a university has been determined to a large extent by the economic status of parents, and many young men of character, idealism and intellectual strength have had to terminate their formal education prematurely because they could not afford to proceed further. If it is conceded that money used for the education of the future citizens and leaders of the country is expended creatively for the common good — and this proposition is hardly open to dispute — the scholastic standing attained by the present generation of veterans may well challenge our statesmen to see that a sufficient number of scholarships are made available to place the advantages of a university education within the reach of all our High School graduates who have demonstrated the necessary intellectual ability and a desire to serve their generation.

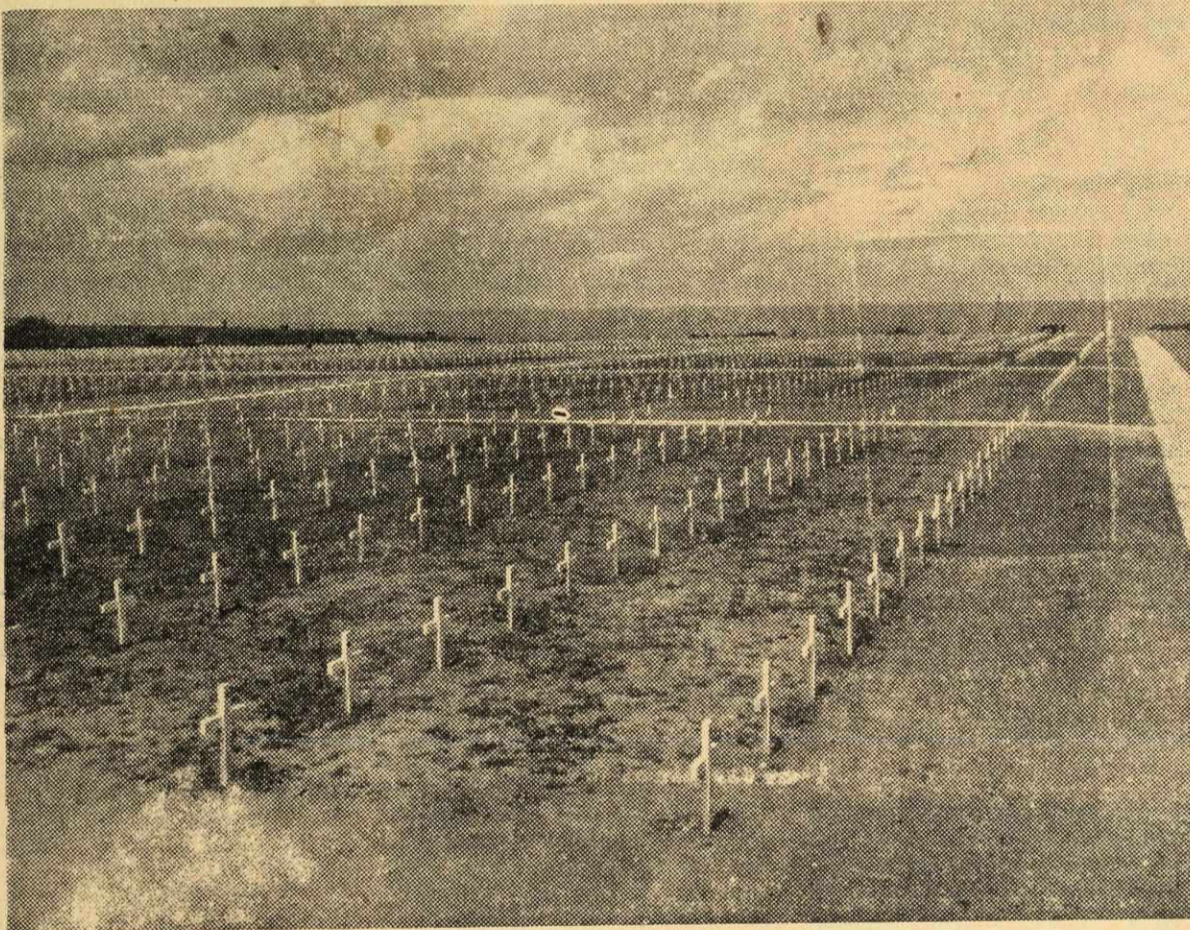
Our mood is solemnized this week, in which we keep Remem-

brance Day, by the recollection that the price of victory in the recent struggle was the forfeiture of life itself by thousands of our finest young people. Their death, with their promise unfulfilled, involves an incalculable loss for the world. As the President of the Rockefeller Foundation has phrased it in his recent annual report, "We have sacrificed our seed corn." It is not unreasonable however to hope that the fact that an extraordinarily large



Dr. A. E. Kerr,

"There's no pleasure in smoking a pipe," said Art Moreira. "If you smoke your own tobacco, you worry about the cost, if you smoke some one else's, your pipe is so full it won't draw."



A Canadian grave, somewhere in France

number of their comrades in arms are now in training for positions of leadership will in some measure compensate for the work which they would have done if they had been spared, and that all of us, under the circumstances in which we find ourselves, shall feel a constraint upon us to make our lives count the utmost for the highest worthwhile ends that we know.

Law Society Plans Ball

The Executive of the Law Society announce that the annual Law Ball will be held in the ballroom of the Nova Scotian Hotel on November 14th., at 9 p. m. Don Warner and his Collegians will officiate, and it is expected that the Ball will be, as usual, the best dance of the year.

Tickets should be on sale some time this week; only a limited number are being printed, so that anybody who wants one should obtain it as soon as possible.

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We Killed a Child

(A true story)

by
Dave Clark

After a heavy artillery concentration had pounded our objective, a small Dutch village, our company advanced along the road now littered with torn and splintered branches from the trees that bordered the scarred strip of pavement. My casualty-reduced platoon advanced cautiously in an extended and dispersed formation through the fields to the right of the road. Farm houses in the area blazed furiously. We approached and passed a German transport truck that lay shattered in a ditch. The driver had fallen from the seat through the battered door and now, grotesquely twisted, stared vacantly at the sky, the jaw of his gore-stained face open and hanging to one side. His right leg rested rigidly on the running board of the vehicle.

We had encountered the main opposition on the outskirts of the village, and once through we were scarcely molested. To our right, however, another company seemed to be having a tough time. The fluent rattling of Spandaus told of a determined stand, and the slower crackling of Brenns was our dogged answer. Smoke lay heavily over the whole area—the acrid smoke of our screen, the biting stench of the high explosive smoke that wavered lazily in the freshly tossed-up craters of the rich, brown earth, the smoke of burning grass and wood, and the nauseating smoke and stench of burning flesh.

I plodded on wearily, measuring step by step of the ground that I covered with my wet and swollen feet. There might be mines, we had been told, and I waited for the moment when the ground would erupt beneath me to leave me, as I had seen so many others, with mangled legs that would have to be amputated. Now that the assault was in the past I once again felt the weight of my pack and helmet. The stiff webbing cut into my shoulders and efforts to ease the weight only seemed to make it worse. God, I thought, please get me out of this alive. If only I could get wounded—not too seriously—just enough to get away from this bloody fighting. War—what a farce! We're really all just pawns for big shots who sit back in comfortable shelters and don't give a damn how many of us little fellows get killed. Perhaps Chamberlain was right when he said, "Peace in our time." — That's all anyone could hope for.

The ominous nature of a large stone house suddenly took me back to the realization that war was my business. This would be an easy place to defend.—I order-

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